

VOL. LXII. No. 1608.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, December 25th, 1907.

PRICE: TEN CENTS.

"What Fools these Mortals be!"

Suck

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Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



"GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMAN, LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY."



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK
No. 1608. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1907
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

A PROBLEM FOR NEW YORKERS. X : Sunday shows :: Sandwich : Sunday saloons. Find X. That's all you've got to do.

EX-GOVERNOR BLACK, in attacking Mr. Roosevelt, observes that the present time is a time to think, not to move. Does not Mr. Black know that if the population of the United States were to think all together at one time they would turn the country upside down?

A MAN in Washington killed himself the other day. He was an "independent" oil dealer. He killed himself because "the un-business like methods of the Standard Oil Company" had left him penniless, a ruined man. The name of this man is unimportant. His case is not exceptional. We prefer to think of him, not as a suicide, but as a rosebud, one of those buds which the younger Rockefeller once said must be plucked by the florist in order that the glorious American Beauty may reach its full perfection. It was young Mr. Rockefeller, if we are not in error, who compared the Standard Oil Company of commerce with the American Beauty of floriculture. "Independent" oil dealers might fall by the wayside, be ruined, drink laudanum or what not, but absorbing their strength, even as the one great rose absorbs the strength of the sacrificed buds, the Standard Oil Company would bloom with a luster and freshness unattainable had the bud-like "independents" been allowed to live and grow. The word suicide is a hard, harsh word.

NO MORE delightful uncertainty ever marked the advent of a Presidential year. Even Bryan isn't inevitable.

IF, AS SOME insinuate, the President is lacking in a sense of humor, he may acquire a lively one speedily by perusing the Roosevelt editorials in certain New York dailies.

FOR OUR own sake let's nominate a statesman.—*Chancellor Day*.

It is unfortunate that Mark Hanna has passed away. He was Chancellor Day's beau ideal of a statesman.

"TO THE DRUMBEATS of destiny which announce the third coming of the man from Nebraska."—*Colonel Watterson*.

But Denver is a long way to go. Why not arrange to distribute the music of the drumbeats by telharmonium?

THE PRESIDENT of the Paper Trust retorts that newspaper publishers "circulate advertisements instead of newspapers and expect the paper makers to pay their distributing bills." It is undoubtedly true that if the publishers would use less white paper and print more news they would come nearer to publishing newspapers and would not litter up the streets so badly. For example, the *Times* might quit its "literary" supplement.

"**MY BUSINESS** is now on the defensive. Once it used to be respectable to be in the railroad business, but not now."—*Vice-President Byrnes of the New Haven Railroad*.

Without meaning anything unkindly personal to Mr. Byrnes we may remark that it used to be respectable to do a great many things which are not done now with safety, as a number of gentlemen in exile will testify.

TOWN TOPICS refers to the President's "crazy conduct and wild talk." By the way, was there a write-up of Mr. Roosevelt in *Fads and Fancies* or was there not?

THERE IS a growing belief that it is time to suspend attacks on corporations and to call a halt on appeals to the passions and prejudices of the people.—*Washington despatch*.

It would be interesting to learn in this connection if enforcement of the law is an appeal to passion and prejudice.



THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE.
GETTING READY FOR THE NEW MEMBER.

PUCK

HOW IT IS DONE.

"A n ordinary sort of tale,"
The author said, "has little sale."

These days. A man, to sell his stuff,
Must scribble automobile guff.



"No matter what," continued he,
"One's literary merits be,
One must, to sell a magazine,
Immerse one's pen in gasoline."

"Well," quoth his friend, a
business man,
"Why not pursue the common
plan
And write this automobile lit'-
Rature, if it makes such a hit?"

"Because," the author-man replied,
"I have a conscience here inside
That will not let me scribble what
Is on a subject I know not."

"And since I am too poor to buy
A car, it seems I am to die
Exceeding poor, unknown to fame—
I cannot beat the lit'ry game."

"Nay," said the prosy business man,
"I know a scheme whereby you can
Write honest automobile tales—
Just like the Williamsons and Hales.

"Speak intimately of the car
And limousine — and there you are.
You'll gain success by leaps and
bounds.
It's even simpler than it sounds."

Within a year he wax-ed rich
And bought an automobile, which
He drives all day and half the night,
And now he doesn't have to write.

"Send for some auto catalogues,
And read of sparkers, clutches, cogs,
Gear, carbureter, tank and speed,
That he who runs a car may read.

The author tried the honest plan
Advanced him by the business man.***
It worked. And, though it sounds
absurd,
His stories got 10c. a word.

P.S.—I do not take much pride
In this, so plainly versified.
But—here's the point I make to you—
The thing is absolutely true.

Franklin P. Adams.

ECHOES OF AESOP.

"GENIUS! GENIUS!" shouted the Book Boosters while the new
novel was still damp from the press.
The simple villagers came running to the cry, only to find that
the Boosters had fooled them.



THE ANSWER.

CARRIE NATION SAYS SHE WILL KISS NO MAN WHO USES TOBACCO.

In the course of time the junkman claimed his own, and the presses put forth another new book.

"Genius! genius!" shouted the Boosters; and again the villagers came running with their dollars—stung again.

"Genius! genius!" shouted the Boosters many more times, and many more times the villagers responded to the false alarm.

At last a real, sure-enough Genius did arrive, and the excited Book Boosters made a terrible ado. But nobody paid any attention to their cries or rendered the Genius the slightest assistance.

As a result the poor wretch starved to death and was buried in the potter's field.

Moral: There is no believing a Book Booster, even when he speaks the truth.

VERY SOON.

PROSPECTIVE PASSENGER.—I want a ticket to Liverpool.

TICKET AGENT.—Yes, sir;—first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth or tenth cabin, sir?

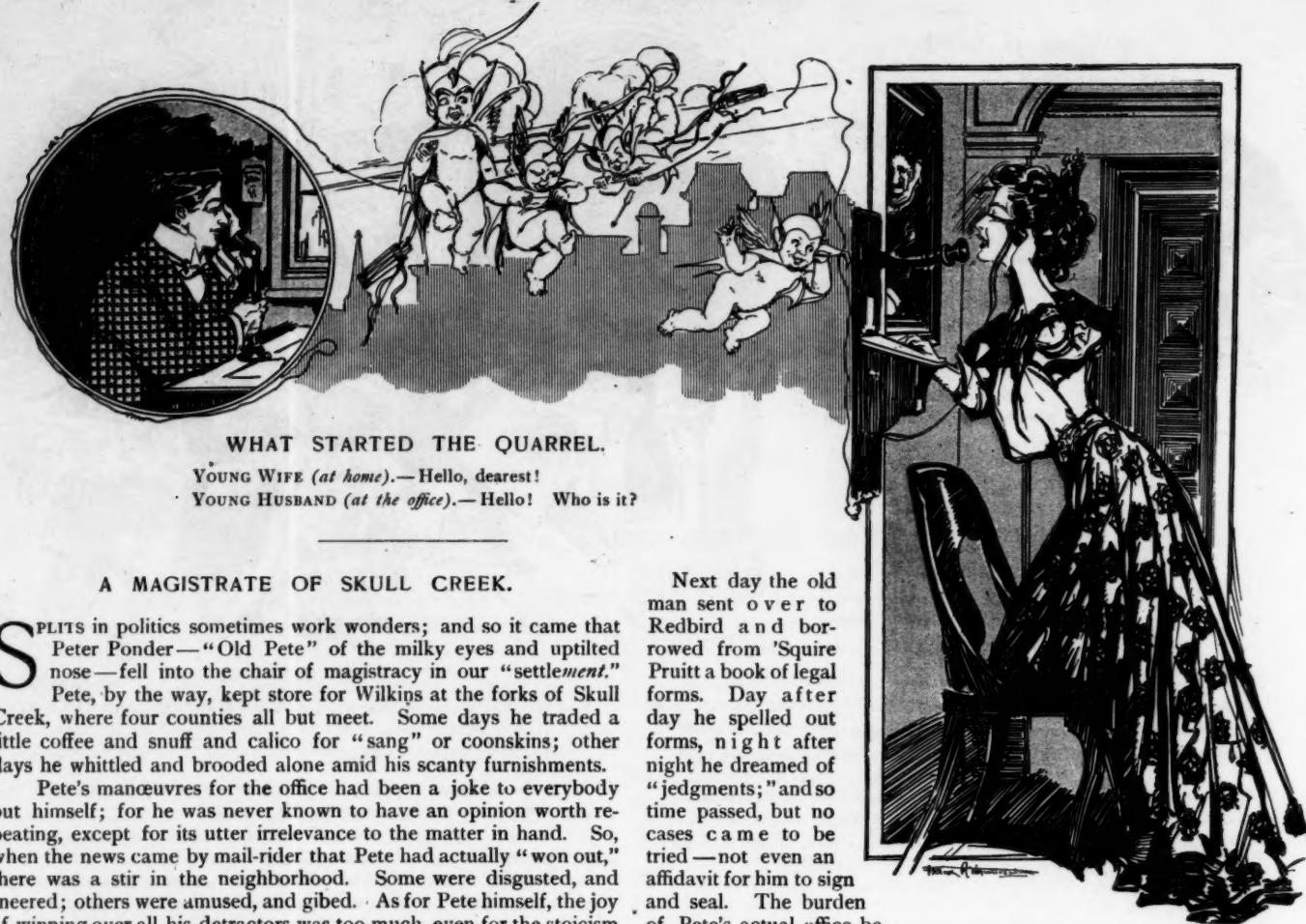


A THRILLING LETTER FROM A SMALL INVESTOR.

EDITOR PUCK.—During the worst of the money stringency, I rashly displayed a roll of bills in a Wall Street café, never thinking of the danger. Three suspicious characters, brokers probably, were there at the time —

— but I never imagined that they would follow me. Hence, when the same men held me up on a dark corner, I was taken completely by surprise. A crack on the jaw put me out —

— And when I came to, my roll was gone, but I found in my hand a certified cheque for the full amount plus 2½ per cent., that day's premium on currency. Did I lose or win? Yours truly, "Small Investor."



WHAT STARTED THE QUARREL.

YOUNG WIFE (at home).—Hello, dearest!
YOUNG HUSBAND (at the office).—Hello! Who is it?

A MAGISTRATE OF SKULL CREEK.

SPITS in politics sometimes work wonders; and so it came that Peter Ponder—"Old Pete" of the milky eyes and upturned nose—fell into the chair of magistracy in our "settlement." Pete, by the way, kept store for Wilkins at the forks of Skull Creek, where four counties all but meet. Some days he traded a little coffee and snuff and calico for "sang" or coonskins; other days he whittled and brooded alone amid his scanty furnishings.

Pete's manœuvres for the office had been a joke to everybody but himself; for he was never known to have an opinion worth repeating, except for its utter irrelevance to the matter in hand. So, when the news came by mail-rider that Pete had actually "won out," there was a stir in the neighborhood. Some were disgusted, and sneered; others were amused, and gibed. As for Pete himself, the joy of winning over all his detractors was too much, even for the stoicism of a Carolina mountaineer: he had to retire to the rear room and sip from the bottle of cinnamon extract, in default of anything better.

Next day the old man sent over to Redbird and borrowed from 'Squire Pruitt a book of legal forms. Day after day he spelled out forms, night after night he dreamed of "judgments;" and so time passed, but no cases came to be tried—not even an affidavit for him to sign and seal. The burden of Pete's actual office became more of a joke than his aspirations had been—until, one day, there came trooping up to the store six armed and swearing men leading a prisoner bound with hickory withes.

"He stole my gilt," declared the spokesman; "my black gilt that I was fattenin' for winter, 'Squire—stole it right outen the pen. Me an' Bill an' Little John found whar he'd butchered it in the woods; we tracked him right to his own home place; and we done found the hams hid up in his loft. He hain't never denied 't, and he cayn't deny 't."

Pete regarded the prisoner sternly over his spectacles, then demanded, "Did you steel that pig, Jim Beechfield?"

Jim deigned no answer, save by a curl of the lip.

"Pears like you-uns'd know better'n to do the like o' that. I know in reason that you did know better. Pig-stealin', Jim, is jest about the meanest sin—crime—that a man can commit agin his neighbor. Now you-uns go right along with these six men to jail in Mica City, and I don't want nary 'nother word outen you. Men, take this thievin' varmint straight to old baldy Jedge Potter, and tell him I said to make Jim Beechfield work out three months in the chain-gang for the betterment of public morals and public roads."

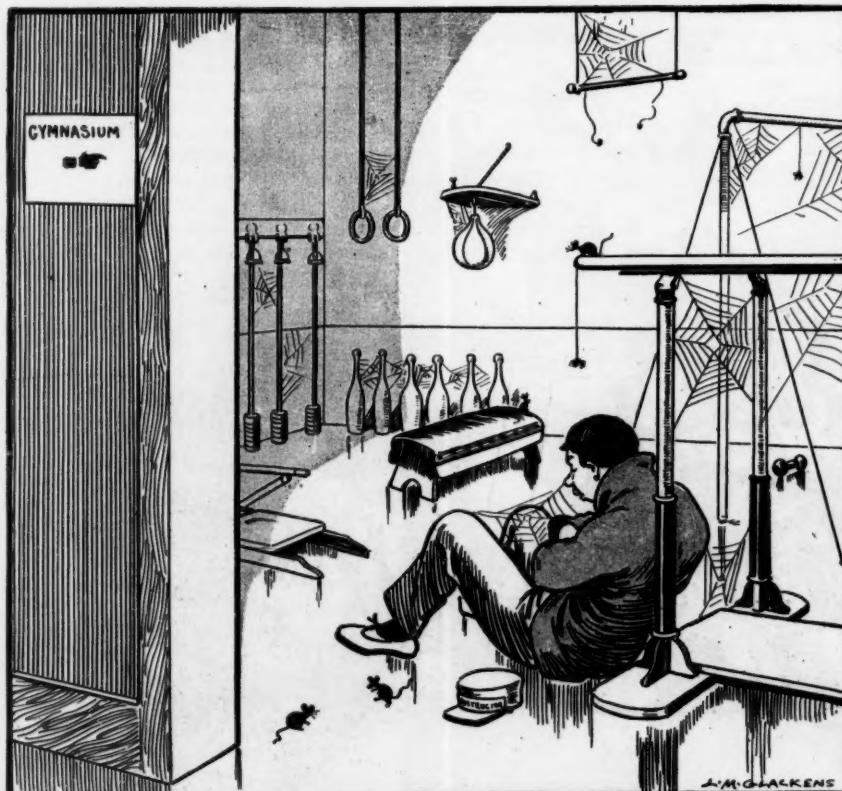
Accusation, trial and sentence had taken barely five minutes, mostly consumed in pauses. Seven men took a round of drinks together, and one went dry-throated, speechless, to his doom.

"There hain't no sorter sense in projectin' around about sich as that," proclaimed Pete to the hastily gathered crowd. "Jestice on Skull Creek useter hang fire, mebbe, but now, feller-citizens, hit's as quick and sure as a cap-shootin' gun." Then, for the first time in his life, our new magistrate reveled in public applause.

Alas! next day came another armed and swearing man—came to the store with menace in his eye.

"Are you 'Squire Ponder?" he challenged, in a big bass voice.

"I am."



GYMNASIUM OF ANY LARGE ATHLETIC CLUB.

Too much in evidence—"I don't remember."

PUCK

"Did you send Jim Beechfield to Mica City, yestiddy, fer pig-stealin'?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Do you know whar the crime was committed?"

"Right over yan ridge in Tucker's Cove."

"Well, do you know what county that's in?"

"Gray-ham, of course."

"Yes; and do you know what county you're livin' in, here?"

"Swain, you plumb fool!"

"Fool, eh? You p'int-blank fizzle! What right have *you* got to jail a citizen of Macon county for crime committed in Graham? I'm high sheriff of Graham. I've got oblige to capture that feller and turn him over to court at Robbinsville. I've rid twenty-three mile over here to git a lawbreaker what you've done gone and packed twenty mile furder on. You're a purty specimen of a magistrate, you are! What brains you've got, if 't was dynamite, 't wouldn't blow your nose!"

And then the sheriff set off charge after charge of verbal high explosives, to the infinite enjoyment of the rabble, who momentarily expected "shootin' words."

Pete turned from angry white to embarrassed red.

"Now, see here, sheriff: jedgmatically that critter was nearer to me than he was to you —right over yan ridge."

"Nearer hell! Next time you pick up a stray yearlin', keep it penned up at home till called for."

Pete stuttered, stood the jeers of the crowd as long as he could, then, with a parting "Go peel your own polecats!" he fled to the back room and solace in a bottle taller than those containing "cinnymint."

For three days our magistrate remained in seclusion. His wife gave out that he was sick. Rumor had it that he was intoxicated. Probably both dames were right.

But on the fourth day Peter had to emerge. There came a couple to be married—urgent duty, he simply must appear. So, with sudden resolution, he straightened himself out. Tucking the book of forms under his arm, he led the pair and their escort over to the store. Squared for the new ordeal, Pete vowed there should be no error of



A LOADED CANE.



GOOD FOR BUSINESS.

Blifkins, the soap man, never refuses to loan an umbrella. He says his friends invariably return them next day.

technique now. Age, residence, birthplace, and descent, of both parties, were sworn to and confirmed by witnesses. Similar facts as to their parents and "foreparents" were likewise determined and put on record. It turned out that no party concerned, or even remotely implicated, had ever been out of Swain county in his or her life. Then Ponder adjusted his spectacles with an air of finality and declared:

"Sam Jones and Polly Higgins, I do now pronounce you-uns man and wife—so long as you remain within my jurisdiction!"

Horace Kephart.



PUBLIC SENTIMENT.



POPULAR PUBLIC POUNDERS.

If the popular piano-pounder is paid for pounding a popular piano in public —

Why shouldn't the popular novelist be paid for pounding a popular typewriter?

A LITTLE STORY OF SUCCESS.

HOW JABEZ PERKINS ROSE FROM A HUMBLE LAD ON THE FARM TO PROPRIETOR OF CROSSROADS GROCERY AND EMPORIUM.

THE next victim of our frenzied search for something new in the success line is Jabez Perkins, former humble farmer boy but now proprietor and general manager of the Crossroads (Ind.) Grocery and Emporium.

Mr. Perkins's success is a simple tale of perseverance, indomitable pluck, energy, intelligence, farsightedness, willingness to work,



AN UNFORTUNATE INFERENCE.

THE BISHOP.—My dear, I do wish you wouldn't sign those "Home Hints" that you are sending to the papers.

HIS WIFE.—Why not?

THE BISHOP.—Well, I notice that, in the title of your "What to do for a Burn," the printer has left the "r" out of the final word.

industry, capability, thrift and a little dash of luck for savor. Little did he think as he passed the Crossroads establishment on his way home, as a youth, from the day's tussle with the plow or corn planter, that he would some day sit at his ease behind the counter on a barrel of Forex soda crackers, with his feet upraised on a case full of assorted jewelry and neckties and swap tales of his younger days with the landed gentry. And yet that is what he has accomplished in forty years of tireless activity!

Mr. Perkins is somewhat modest about his achievements, as is to be expected in one of his attainments, but when pressed for a few words on the Essentials for Success, he said, as he unerringly shot a pint of tobacco juice at a receptacle some ten feet away: "Waal, I don't know as

I ever stopped to figure it out but I've chewed and smoked all my life and you see where I am. I'm not saying it would do as much for everybody, but I dunno."

F. H. Williams.

FOXY.

IF IT be true, as some are saying, that modern commercialism more and more hardly tolerates any but pretty girls in its retinue, is not the problem of problems solved? For what does this mean less that homely girls will be led, by the ineluctable logic of circumstances, to look with increasing favor upon matrimony, as Hobson's choice, at least, if not the better part? And can anything be more certain than that homely girls make the best wives and mothers?

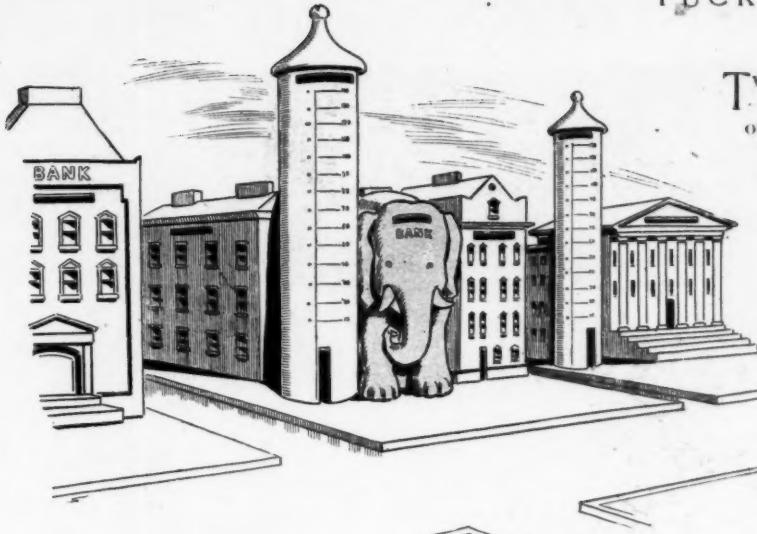
In other words, this rush, on the part of our womenkind, to butt into gainful pursuits, may yet prove to be only a foxy device of Providence, whereby the wheat shall be separated from the tares, and the wheat set to bearing fruit, while the tares do nothing but wither away.

AND RETURNED NEXT DAY.

ONE little pig went to market
And one little pig stayed home,
And the piggy that went to market
Cried "Crooks! Sure-thing gamblers! Pirates!
Confidence men! Rich malefactors! Pickpockets!
Stock-waterers! Undesirable Citizens! Market-riggers! Trust-jugglers! Thieves!" all the way home.



A COOL MILLION.



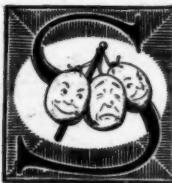
FROM SANTA'S LETTER BOX.

DEAR SANTY, — Please don't send me a BANK for Crismus. I kin git the monie inn alright, alright, but I can't git it out agin without bustin' the bank.

Yewr littel fren.

DUNNE BROWN.

THE AMERICAN STANDARD.



SMITH was a man of modest purse
Who found frugality a curse.
A plain cheap bike — so small his hoard —
Was all he really could afford;
So, naturally, he bought a motor-cycle.

JONES should have been contented with
The motor-cycle craved by Smith.

A motor-cycle came within
The limits of his store of tin;
But, of course, he bought a runabout.

BROWN was a man whose slender means
Forbade high-price, high-power machines;
A runabout was just his size;
And so he bought, as you surmise,
A heavy American touring car, model of 1908.

GREEN could afford a popular
High-grade, home-product touring car;
But none of that for Mr. Green:
He coveted a French machine.
So, of course, he went the limit.

BINKS was a multimillionaire.
For motor cars he didn't care.
Besides, his doctor did advise
A milder form of exercise.
So Binks walked.

Binks says that money's not so tight,
And thinks the country is all right;
But Smith *et al.* in tones intense
Complain of "loss of confidence."

B. L. T.

MINUTES

OF THE HAGUE CONFERENCE, 1910.

PROPOSED, by delegates of the United States of America, as a means of putting the world on a peace footing, that gun-metal shoes be abolished.

Voted, that the subject go over and be made the special order of debate at the session of 1910. Adjourned.

Note: There was great rejoicing all over the civilized world, the advocates of peace feeling that to have forced the consideration of so drastic a measure was to have won a tremendous moral victory.

One way of telling a paper's policy is to observe what it doesn't comment on editorially.

NEAR TO UNNATURAL.

TWO UNNATURALISTS were one day comparing notes. "A sparrow whom I had operated on for appendicitis," said one, "came back to me to-day, with a linnet, who complained of sharp pains in his epigastric region. But such incidents are becoming so common these days that I don't mention them in any magazine articles except such as I receive less than five cents a word for."

"That's right," said the other unnaturalist. "A fellow gets to be thought cheap unless he is careful what he prints. I am just wondering if I ought to publish the incident of a certain sparrow whom I gave Swedish massage for indigestion, and who sent a linnet with a letter of introduction, to be similarly treated. Is it worth writing up?"

GOLDEN MEAN.

THESE are the days when death and the grave, upon being pressed to disclose the whereabouts of their sting and victory, respectively, are pretty considerably at a loss, never more so, it is likely. Death, especially, finds its sting almost abolished, for while the undertakers still get us all, eventually, there is much more business for the doctors in the meanwhile. As for the grave, it occurs as numerously as ever, perhaps, but far oftener with only one foot in it. We seem to have learned that if we were all to be well, on the one hand, or all dead, on the other, it would be about equally injurious to trade, and that is why we go in for the golden mean and are all invalids.



IN NEW YORK.

ONE SUNDAY CONCERT THAT THE LAW HASN'T DISTURBED.

UP TO DEVILTRY.

NEW YORK CHILD. — Let's play pirates!

BOSTON CHILD. — All right. Shall we pirate plays or books?



WATERFRONT MILLINERY.

LONGSHOREMAN. — Here y' are, Bill! Tie this bandana 'round yer sou'wester an' yer'll be right in style.



PUCK



OLD PRESENTS.



THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

AS MARRIED FOLKS IMAGINE IT.



AS IT USUALLY IS.

WHY HE WORE IT.

"**S**AY, WHAT is that button you are wearing?" asked the Man from Mars of a passing Workingman.

"That is the button of the Prosperity League," answered the Workingman, removing his hat.

"You are then prosperous, I take it, and earn enough to support your entire family in comfort," continued the Man from Mars.

"Oh no, sir," said the Workingman.

"What, not married?" asked the Man from Mars in surprise.

"Oh yes, sir," replied the Workingman.

"I have a large family and they also have good jobs except the youngest one, a child of four, and we can undoubtedly squeeze him in somewhere in a year or two."

"Is your employer prosperous as all that?" continued the Man from Mars, thinking the Workingman was joking. "Does his whole family also work?"

"Oh no, sir," answered the Workingman in dead earnest. "They don't have to work."

"Oh, then they are, not so prosperous as you are?" said the Man from Mars, keeping up the burlesque.

"Oh yes, sir," replied the Workingman. "They are the only ones who are prosperous."

"Then why do you wear that button?" asked the Man from Mars somewhat impatiently, uncertain of the trend of the conversation.

"Because it is one of the rules of the shop. It is one of our employer's hobbies to point to them with pride when waited on by committees."

"Stung," muttered the Man from Mars, turning on his heel.

Ellis O. Jones.



DO YOU WRITE AUTO STORIES?

If so, why keep your old bell-ringing typewriter when you can have one that "honks" at the end of each line?

Justice is what takes a man's part when injustice would take his all.

FOOLISH.



WE read of it in stories, where the hero is surprised,
Or delighted with incredible success;
Or astonished that his fondest dreams at last were
realized—
That happens in all stories, more or less,
And it almost always happens, too, when things like this
occur,
That he who has his fortune thus at stake
Will "rub his eyes to rid them of the sudden blinding
blur,"
And "pinch himself to see if he's awake."

And I have often wondered what the consequence would be,
If, clutching at a very tender spot
To see if he was waking, he'd decide he was, when he
In plain and cold reality was not?
Suppose he dreams he pinches, and suppose he dreams it pains?
He doesn't, and it doesn't, as a fact.
Oh, let us never pinch ourselves! It shows a lack of brains,
And it's really an unnecessary act!

E. M. Robinson.

FROM THE DIARY OF A DISCOURAGED AUTHOR.

DECEMBER 23.—The postman is coming up the street with a huge bundle on his back. Guess he's delivering Christmas presents. It is an outrage how people persist in sending presents by mail, and keeping it up till long into the middle of January, making the poor, overworked letter-carriers tote them, up hill and down, in all kinds of weather. Must write an article sometime on this abuse.

Bought a book to-day, entitled, "2,001 Places to Sell Manuscript." Guess it's a good book; but if I could find just the one odd place, the other 2,000 could go helter skelter.

Memorandum for joke: Now that Alabama has voted prohibition and gone dry, Mobile will probably behave itself as it ought thus becoming the leading Ought-To-Mobile of America.

Mem. for another joke: Everything goes these days, but a dollar watch must be lead.

Later.—Postman has just called. Left most of his bundle with me. It wasn't Christmas presents at all but a return shipment of my rejected manuscripts. Ah, me! Will confidence ever be restored?

Jack Robinson.



GONE AS IF BY MAGIC.

ABSENT-MINDED MAN.—Dodrat it, that's always the way!
M' last match and now I can't find m' pipe!

THE MEAN MAN AGAIN.

"WHERE are you going, my son?" asked the old farmer.
"Going down back of the barn to play circus," replied the freckled lad.
"Circus, eh? Well, take this saw and saw up a half cord of wood before you start. You'll need some sawdust for the circus rings."

WHY IS Miller HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle BEER

shipped to the PHILIPPINES, EGYPT, INDIA
and the ends of civilization?

BECAUSE HIGH LIFE satisfies the universal demand for a PERFECT BEER.

THE WORLD ASKS FOR IT. That's why we were compelled to increase our capacity to

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353 Broadway, Long Island City, New York

HIGH LIFE BEER

MILWAUKEE



THE FINE QUALITY AND PURITY OF

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

AND ITS RICH, MELLOW TONE
MAKE IT THE PREFERRED
WHISKEY OF THOSE WHO

KNOW THE BEST
LIKE THE BEST
BUY THE BEST

Sold at all first-class cafes and by Jobbers.
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PUCK

NEW YORK



SANE MOMENTS.
"This bill for \$1,200 is altogether too high," said the client.

"But didn't I prove you were crazy and get you acquitted?" responded the lawyer.

"Yes, you did; but you haven't proved that I am crazy enough to pay this bill, yet!" *Yonkers Statesman.*

TO CURE dyspepsia—first give away your chafing-dish.—*Somerville Journal.*

"THEY say that he married her for her money."

"And what did he do when she lost her wealth?"

"He lost his reason." *The Harvard Lampoon.*

Pears'

A soap is known by the company it keeps. Pears' is found in good society, everywhere.

The use of Pears' Soap betokens refinement.

Scented, or not, as you prefer.

Any one can Play Any Guitar
WITH IT IN 10 MINUTES
Write ALBERT PIETSCH,
611 Cedar St., Milwaukee, Wis.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
26, 28 and 30 Bleeker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 40 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

THE milliner and the dressmaker never get full credit when they go to church. So many people think that they are there chiefly to study the new hats and costumes.—*Somerville Journal.*

ONE statistician has discovered that there has been a 40 per cent. decrease in the cost of funerals, but it will be just like perverse humanity to neglect this opportunity to get 'em while they're cheap.—*Washington Post.*



DING! DONG! DONG! DING!

MISS GOTHAM.—Why, Doctor, what was the matter with the chimes this morning? Not a single bell was rung.

NEW YORK RECTOR (after service).—There was nothing the matter with the chimes, my dear, but the law, you know, prohibits Sunday Concerts.

The first thing in the morning if you need a brace, should be a tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in an ounce of sherry or a glass of soda. Try it.

"HARRIMAN at Bay," announces a head line in an exchange. It will be some time, though, before it will be safe to declare him at sea.—*Wash. Post.*

ACCORDING to a New-York dispatch the giving of wedding presents is going out of fashion. Wise young people will put off their weddings until money gets a little looser.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

OUT OF IT.
"Mrs. Jinks no longer in society? How strange!"

"It's her own fault. She would be a faddist. Devoted to home and husband and that sort of thing."

"Still, I don't see—"

"My dear, I haven't told the worst. She had a baby just at the height of the bridge season."

"Well, well." —
Phila. Ledger.

OUT West they are having a good deal of trouble for lack of money enough to move the crops, but the average suburban backyard farmer has moved his season's crop without the least embarrassment.—*Somerville Journal.*



"Yes, I said COOK'S Imperial EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE

It is not only the best American champagne, but the best champagne

Puck Proofs

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THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

By Stuart Travis.

Photogravure in Sepia, 12 x 15 in. PRICE FIFTY CENTS.



THE WATCHFUL CHAPERON.

"I wish that young man would not take Ethel so far out."

By Gordon H. Grant.

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CURIOS.
A dollar's hard to understand;
Its methods often cause dismay.
It's no good when it's loafing and
When working often fades away!
—Washington Star.

IT HAS KEPT HIM POOR.
WILSON.—Haven't you saved up
money enough yet to buy an automobile?

GILSON.—I might have, if I hadn't
bought a camera twenty years ago.—*Somerville Journal*.

"LADY SUBSCRIBER" is hereby informed that money which is carried in a woman's stocking cannot properly be called elastic currency.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

THE critics who have been finding fault with Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poetry undoubtedly worried her less than the parties who are industriously circulating the news that she celebrated her fifty-fourth birthday last week.—*Washington Post*.

NO MONEY ADVANCED.

"For two cents I'd knock your block off," said the angry man.
"Well, you don't expect me to furnish your working capital, do you?" responded the other and calmer one.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



A DEADLY INSULT.

TEXAS MATT.—Wot? You're goin' t' quit the ranch!
HELLANGONE SAM.—Yep. Yestiddy the boss took me for
his automobile showfur an' called me Gaspard. Maybe it was a
slip, as he said, but I can't never forget it.

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the nerves: sustains you throughout the day, and
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A CURRENT QUESTION.

"He is worth millions," said one Wall Street man.
"Currency," asked the other, "or clearing house certificates?"—*Washington Star*.

ST. GAUDENS must have obtained his idea of the American eagle from some nature faker.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

EVERY State that joins the ranks of the "drys" makes it just so much easier for John L. Sullivan to remain on the water wagon.—*Washington Post*.

AN observer remarks that you cannot chew gum and think at the same time. However, it is possible to cause observers to think.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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By the Humorous Syndicate

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Detroit Free Press.

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The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

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THE OULD HIGH HAT.

Oh, ye needn't be so sly,
All ye lads, when I go by,
Wid your winking' o' the eye
An' your smirkin' an' all that.
Shure, I'm wise enough to see
That the cause of all your glee
Is the ancient cut o' me
An' me ould high hat.

Arrah! lads must have their play,
So I've not a word to say;
'Tis mesel' that wance was gay
As the gayest wan o' you.
Shure, there wasn't manny men
That would joke about me then,
When me blood was young an' when
This ould hat was new.

It was wid me an' me bride
When the blessid knot was tied;
An' it followed, when she died,
Where they soon will lay me, too.
It has served me all these years,
Shared me laughter an' me tears,
As it's sharin' now the jeers
O' the likes o' you.

Now we're worn an' ould an' sick,
But there's joy to think, avic,
That ye never held a brick.
An' there's some that can't say that.
So they needn't be so sly
When they smile an' cock their eye,
All them lads, when we go by,
You an' me, ould hat.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

So Is This JOKE.

BILL.—Heard the new song about the subway?

PETE.—No; what's it like?

BILL.—Well, the words are good but the air is bad.—Columbia Jester.

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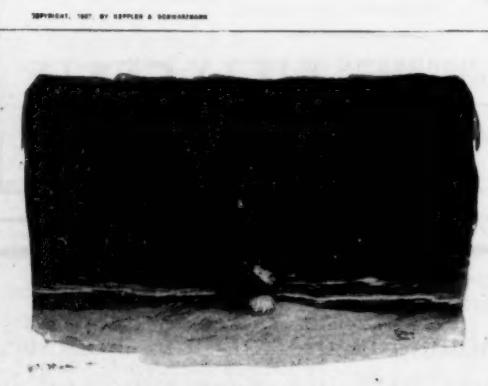
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DAME FASHION, THE DOG AND THE LADY.



WHAT the New York woman is the faddiest of faddists when the whim seizes her goes without saying. Her present fad—well, of course, it is as absurd as it is possible for even an absurdity to be; yet it is rather pretty even though one wonders whether the charming madame or her charming dog plays the more prominent role. For, if you please, dogship and mistress must match.

It is the driving hour in Central Park. Look there! The smartest of electric broughams with fittings and footmen matched up in creamy tan—setting divine and, truly, the divinity in the way of fads reclines upon those creamy cushions. The snowiest and fluffiest of French poodles, with mauve overcoat embroidered in gold, dainty gold collar studded with amethysts, and just back of his left ear a bunch of New York's costliest violets. At the right of this divinity sits its complement. The lady wears a gown of mauve velvet of the selfsame material as his French majesty's overcoat. Her furs are marvellous white fox replicas of doggie's soft white fur; caught in her corsage is a larger edition of his violet boutonniere and—crowning touch!—beneath the mauve hat, whose white plumes are curled just the slightest not to make the French seigneur's fluffy mop appear straight, beneath this is a glory of pure gold hair caught with amethyst pins which match his collar! Symphony in white and gold and violet—who wouldn't play second violin to such a dog as that!

And think you that this is all? Look quickly—no, farther—yes—there in that victoria drawn by the shining blacks. This time footmen and upholstery are soft buff—perfect background for the diminutive black Pommeranian who sits in state with his bright little eyes, pointed face and sharp ears keenly alert. Doesn't he know that his white broadcloth coat is the smartest in town? Isn't his collar studded with diamonds, and could anything set off his charms as does the single, waxen white camellia caught to his collar with a special diamond clasp? Well, nothing is needed except perhaps the lady who wears the white broadcloth gown almost overshadowed by her magnificent lynx furs, which are as fine and glossy as the exquisite Pommeranian itself. Camellias nestle at her throat and droop against the black tresses under the black lynx hat. Isn't he just the cutest thing in town? And well set up? And doesn't he know it?

But to the right, there in the cart with the beautiful Shetland ponies! Saw you ever such a brown bundle of fluff as boasts that dainty toy spaniel? Never was fur to match him, and his mistress wears the softest of natural marabout for hat and muff and stole.

Then watch the morning promenade. There marches a bewitching skye

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They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.
—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—N. P. & S. Bulletin.

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You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—Boston Times.

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CHOPPING HIM OFF.

YOUNG PUFFINGTON (conceitedly).—I believe I could make you love me.
DOLLY SWIFT.—Well, if you think so you have several surmises, some guesses and numerous conjectures coming to you.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Sold by good druggists and grocers.

terrier and his mistress is clad in blue fox. Here comes the almost plebian caracul redeemed by the perfect black water spaniel who tugs at a violet-knotted leash. Then approaches a demure maiden in gray squirrel kept in countenance by the graceful greyhound at her side.

But what is to become of the priceless Russian sable with never a dog to match it? Will the far-famed Eastern mink go into decadence because its kin is not to be found in the canine race? Seal-skin and chinchilla, doomed as is the source of supply, might bring double their already fabulous worth were there but a dog available! And will the bull-dog, beloved for his ugliness, fall from grace because his mistress cannot match him in stole and muff?

And suppose the mistress had but one love in dogs—fancy having always to match one dog! One rather suspects that there must be relays in dogs, else the infinite variety that is one of femininity's greatest charms would be banished—perish the thought!

Harriet Brunkhurst.

PROGRESS.

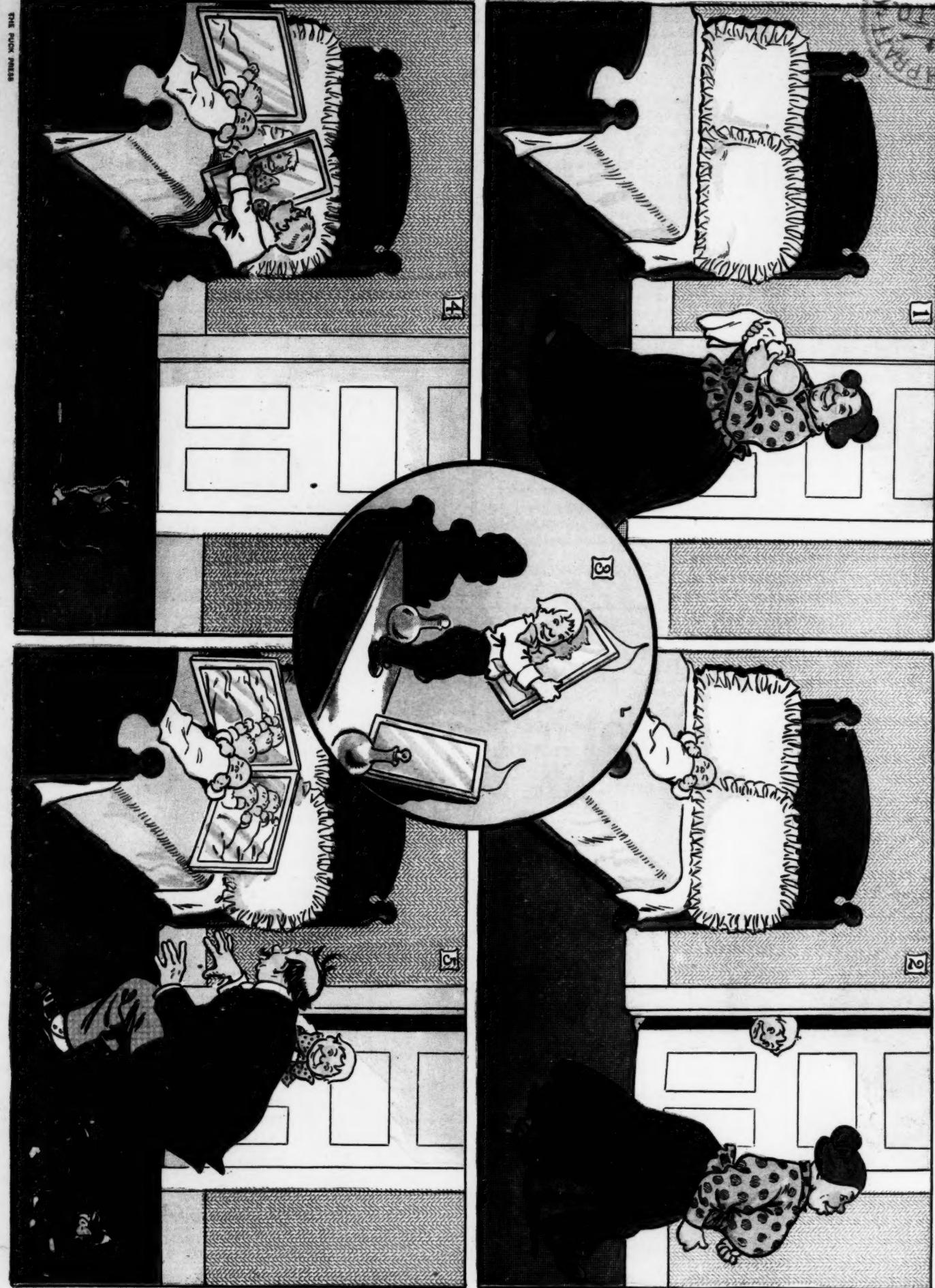
TOWNE.—Old Skinner declares he does all he can to further the natural progress of all men.

BROWNE.—Yes, his idea of natural progress is for rich men to get richer and poor men poorer.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"I CHAFE against the regulations," murmured the college girl as she prepared the surreptitious Welsh rarebit at 2 A. M.—Harvard Lampoon.



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